THE SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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GENERAL JOSEPH EGGLESTON JOHNSTON.

This distinguished officer is a native of Prince Edward county in this State, where he was born about the year 1808. His father was the late Judge Peter Johnston, of the General Court of Virginia, distinguished alike at the bar and on the bench, for sound practical sense and solid legal acquirements. He had been a soldier in his youth—had been one of Greene's officers in his celebrated campaign of 1781 in North and South Carolina—had borne himself honorably and bravely at Guilford, Camden, Eutaw, and Ninety-Six—and retained, to the day of his death, a predilection for his early profession, which not all his subsequent success in a profession of a very different character, could entirely obliterate. It is worthy of record, that he was the First Lieutenant of the company in which the celebrated Peter Francisco served as a private, and that the latter, scarcely less remarkable for his gigantic strength and unlimited courage, than for his keen sagacity and powerful, though uncultivated mind, retained to the close of his life a warm affection for his old commander; a sufficient proof, since he had so often seen him tried, that he had never found him wanting. After the war of the Revolution, Judge Johnston married Miss Polly Wood, of Goochland county, a niece of Patrick Henry, and one of the most accomplished young ladies of her day. If he had chosen his wife avowedly on the principle that Mrs. Primrose chose her gown, "for qualities that would wear," he could scarcely have made a happier selection. Mrs. Johnston proved to be an remarkable inbeed married life for the ability with which she discharged the duties of her station, as she had been for her personal attractions in her youth. They raised a large family, sons and daughters, all of whom proved to be persons of superior understanding. Both parents paid the strictest attention to their education, moral and physical, as well as mental; a duty but too often neglected by those to whom the direction of youth is entrusted. Among other things, they were taught to obtain complete mastery over their own minds; a lesson, above all others, essential to human happiness: for the mind in the moral, like fire in the material world, is the best and most useful of servants, but the most dangerous and most tyrannical of masters.

Of several brothers, the subject of our sketch was the youngest. When yet a small boy, his father having been appointed a Judge in Abingdon District, removed his family to that town, and there Joseph received the rudiments of his education. At school, he was noted as a boy of quick parts and a bold and enterprising disposition. During this period of his life, he had an opportunity to show one of those characteristics, for which he has since been distinguished above most of his contemporaries. By some accident he broke an arm. Most boys of his age would have indulged in the loudest lamentation. Joseph, on the contrary, bore his misfortune with the most heroic fortitude. He shed not a tear and uttered not a groan. He submitted to the setting of the limb with the calm and stoical composure of an Indian, making not a wry face, and distorting not a muscle of his countenance. With equal patience he bore the confinement necessary to his situation, and in every incident connected with the disaster, showed a manly spirit far above his years. We mention this circumstance, because, though trivial, it is characteristic, and affords a key to his subsequent conduct in some of the most trying situations that a man can be called on to occupy.

It is possible that his own inclination led him to choose arms as a profession. Naturally of such a disposition as we have recorded, the son, moreover, of an old soldier whose stirring narratives of his early experience in the army of Greene he must often have heard, it was natural that he should feel his soul stirred within him as by the sound of a trumpet. It is reasonable to suppose, also, that his father, always retaining a predilection for a military life, and early discovering the bent of his son's genius, should encourage his youthful inclinations. Be that as it may, we find him in 1825, a cadet at the military academy of West Point, at that time in the very zenith of its reputation. His application to his studies, from the moment he entered the walls of this institution, was earnest and devoted. How successful it was, we think his after history very clearly shows. He graduated in 1829, in the same class with General Robert E. Lee, a circumstance well worthy of note, as calculated to render that year and that class forever memorable in the annals of West Point. Cadet Johnston was immediately assigned to the 4th artillery, with the rank of 2d Lieutenant by brevet. There was at that time no war and no opportunity for distinction.—Accordingly, we find him, seven years after, while still a Lieutenant, appointed Assistant Commissary of Subsistence, a post which he resigned the year after, upon being promoted 1st Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. This rank he held when the Florida war broke out in 1838. His conduct throughout that war was such as to merit the highest praise, and to draw the eyes of the whole country upon him. Upon one occasion, having been sent, under the escort of a party of infantry, to make a survey or reconnoissance of a region which lay around a lake, and having crossed the lake in boats, the party was way-laid by an ambuscade of Indians, and all its officers killed or disabled at the first fire.—The men were thrown into complete confusion, and were in imminent danger of destruction, when Lieut. Johnston took the command, and by his coolness and determination, succeeded in rescuing them. He laid hold of a small tree with one hand, and standing boldly out in face of the whole fire of the savages, called on the men to rally and form upon him. His coolness enabled him to subdue what was fast becoming a panic. The men returned to their duty and resumed the action. A perfect volley of balls swept around Johnston. Most of them were aimed directly at him, to the relief of the soldiers. Strange to say, while numbers of them struck the tree to which he held fast, for some time he was not touched. At last one struck him immediately above the forehead, about the roots of the hair, and ranged backward to the occiput, grazing the skull the whole distance, but not fracturing it or injuring the brain. Lt. J. of course fell, but the troops had caught so much of his spirit, that they repulsed the enemy and carried off the wounded in safety. For his gallant conduct on this occasion, and throughout the Florida war, Lieut. J. was brevetted Captain; a very meagre recompense for so many and such arduous services, it seems to us. But promotion was slow in the old army. In Sept. 1846, he became a full Captain by seniority.

The Mexican war had now begun. On the 16th February, 1847, Capt. Johnston was made Lieut. Colonel of Volligeurs by brevet, and in that capacity, sailed with the expedition under Gen. Scott. After the capture of Vera Cruz, when the army advanced, Colonel Johnston made a most daring reconnaissance of the enemy's line, strongly posted on the heights of Cerro Gordo. In this reconnoissance he was

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY VANNERSON.

severely wounded, having approached so near the enemy's works that he was struck by three musket-balls. It was supposed, for some time, that his wounds were mortal: but, happily for his country, a powerful constitution and skillful treatment carried him safely through the trial. His wounds were relieved on the 12th of April, exactly six days before the battle of Cerro Gordo, in which, of course, he was unable to bear a part. However, he recovered sufficiently to resume his command in the concluding battles of the war. He distinguished himself at Molino del Rey, and was again severely wounded at Chapultepec. These numerous wounds led General Scott, afterwards, to say of him: "Johnston is a great soldier, but he has an unfortunate knack of getting himself shot in nearly every engagement." This was intended, probably, as a sneer; but there could not be a more honorable testimonial to the gallantry of a soldier. He was several times brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct in this war, and at its conclusion, was retained as Captain of Topographical Engineers. At what time he was promoted, we are not aware; but he became a Colonel in the old army, and when the disruption of the Union took place, was Quartermaster-General. He immediately resigned, and offered his services to his native State. He was appointed to a high command by Governor Letcher, but thinking he could be of more use in the Confederate service, he resigned and offered himself to President Davis, then at Montgomery. He was immediately appointed Major-General, and ordered to take command of the force at Harper's Ferry.

On the 23d of May, General Johnston assumed the command of the forces at Harper's Ferry, consisting of nine regiments of infantry, two battalions of artillery, and Colonel Stuart's cavalry. This force, numbering, in all, less than 10,000 men, was called the army of the Shenandoah, as that which was placed lower down, nearly opposite Washington, under the command of General Beauregard, was called the army of the Potomac. Gen. Johnston had a hard task before him. With his small force, he was expected to guard Harper's Ferry, to repulse the Yankee General Patterson, who was said to be approaching on the Maryland side with 20,000 men, and to prevent him from forming a junction with McClellan, who was advancing in the direction of Winchester, from the western part of Virginia. Johnston saw, at a glance, that the position of Harper's Ferry was of no importance whatever, since an enemy coming down the Valley of Pennsylvania might easily avoid it, and unite in his rear at Winchester, with an enemy coming down the Valley of Virginia. That such a project was on foot, he believed to be certain, when he learned, on the 13th of June, that a force of 2,000 men, believed to be the advanced guard of McClellan's victorious forces, had arrived in Romney. He immediately determined to abandon Harper's Ferry, having first burnt and blown up the railroad bridge and set fire to such of the buildings as were likely to prove useful to the enemy. At the same time he sent forward a detachment to Winchester to hold in check any force that might come from the direction of Romney. On the 14th, while on the march, he learned that Patterson had crossed at Williamsport, that he had already possession of Martinsburg, and that there was nothing to fear from Romney, from which the enemy had retreated. His course was instantly taken. He occupied Bunker's Hill on the Martinsburg turnpike by a flank march, interposed his army between the enemy and Winchester, took up a strong position, and so intimidated Patterson that he immediately fell back across the river. Johnston then quietly and leisurely pursued his march to Winchester. This position was of great strategical importance, and its occupation evinced a high degree of skill on the part of the Confederate General. He was now between the forces of McClellan and Patterson, and could operate at his pleasure against either before they could be joined by the others. At the same time he was in a situation to unite with Beauregard, should he be attacked, through Ashby's gap and the railroad. Having ascertained that Patterson designed to cross the Potomac again, he sent Col. Jackson in advance to oppose him, there being no other troops between Winchester and Martinsburg but Col. Stuart's cavalry, who acted as a corps of observation. Patterson crossed for the second time on the 2d of July, Jackson fell back before him, and drew up his small force at Falling Water. The enemy came on. A fierce conflict ensued, in which Jackson inflicted upon him a loss almost equal in number to the force he had with him, and himself sustained scarcely any. When about to be outflanked, Jackson retired, bringing off 45 prisoners, whom he had captured. Johnston advanced, with his whole force, to support Jackson, but Patterson apparently had had enough of it; for he made no attempt to renew the engagement.—Johnston then took up a position near Martinsburg, with the hope of drawing Patterson into an engagement, but he could not succeed. After remaining four days in this position Johnston returned to Winchester. On the 15th, Patterson advanced as far as Bunker Hill, about ten miles from Winchester, and, on the 17th, made a movement on his left, in the direction of Smithfield. Johnston instantly took the hint.

He had been convinced, from the refusal of Patterson to accept his challenge at Martinsburg, that he did not intend to fight him, and that his only object was to detain him in the Valley until the Grand Army from Washington should have overwhelmed Beauregard. This movement confirmed his original impression. He had already telegraphed to Richmond, requesting orders to join Beauregard, and had received them accordingly. Ordering the cavalry under Col. Stuart to make a movement in advance, as if for the purpose of bringing on a general engagement, he completely deceived Patterson. Under cover of Stuart's movement, Johnston passed his whole army through Ashby's Gap to Piedmont Station, on the Manassas Gap railroad, from whence the infantry were to be transported by the cars to Manassas, the artillery and cavalry following as rapidly as they could. Jackson's brigade and two Georgia regiments reached Manassas on the morning of Saturday, 20th, and Johnston, with the 4th and 2d Alabama, and a part of the 11th Mississippi, soon after. The rest of his troops, from some cause, did not arrive that day, although the President of the road had promised that they should. The troops thus detained amounted to about 5,000 in number.

We shall not here, with the limited space at our command, attempt a sketch of the battle of Manassas. The events are too fresh in the recollection of all parties to require it. It is sufficient to say that Gen. Johnston, upon assuming the command, declined to alter the dispositions of Gen. Beauregard—that the failure of the troops which had been left behind on the preceding day to arrive in time, obliged the Confederate Generals to alter their original plan, which was offensive, and await the attack of the enemy—that the enemy, 35,000 strong, attempted to turn the left wing of the Confederates—that a long and desperate battle ensued—that an order sent to Gen. Ewell, posted on our right centre, to charge the exposed flank of the enemy, miscarried—that in the very crisis of the battle, Kirby Smith arrived with 1,700 men—that he was wounded, and succeeded by Col. Elzey—that the attack of this body caused the enemy to hesitate, and finally to give ground—and that his discomfiture was completed by the attack made on his flank by Colonel Early, at the head of his brigade. The rout was the most thorough known to history since the day of Waterloo. That, too, is too fresh in the memory to require more than a passing notice here.

Nor shall we here revive the long mooted question, whether our troops ought to have taken advantage of their splendid victory, to penetrate into Maryland. We own that we have ourselves been among the warmest of those who condemned Gen. Johnston for not marching at once. The reception of our troops in that State, however, upon a late occasion, has considerably shaken our faith in the propriety of such a move. Gen. Johnston, moreover, has never been supposed to want enterprise, and doubtless had better information than we could obtain access to. At any rate, we have not space to discuss the question.

The Army of the Potomac continued for seven months to occupy the position near Centreville which it had conquered from the enemy by this splendid victory. Except the brilliant episode of Leesburg, and the reverse at Drainesville, there were few incidents to diversify the dull monotony of a life in camp. The winter was uncommonly warm and wet, and sickness and death thinned the ranks of our army. But the men became accustomed to a soldier's life, and learned how to bear fatigue as well as to face danger, without shrinking. In the meantime, the Yankee government made enormous preparations, both naval and military. Their Secretary of War boasted that in an incredibly short space of time he had put 660,000 troops in the field. The fruits of his energy soon began to ripen. Hatteras was taken, Beaufort fell, Fort Donelson was captured, with 5,000 men, and New Orleans fell. Nothing in all history can be compared to the exultations of the Yankee press. They believed the South already conquered, and they spoke the language of conquerors. Nothing would satisfy them but another "On to Richmond." This time it was to be undertaken by 220,000 men, under McClellan. Johnston soon became apprised of the designs of that officer, and prepared to foil them.—Early in March McClellan moved upon Manassas with his whole force, to find the camp deserted, and everything that could be of value to his army safely removed. Johnston had evacuated all his positions, and retreated to Richmond without the loss of a man. There is no comparison, we believe, between this retreat and any other upon record. Had Johnston never performed any other military exploit, this alone would entitle him to be considered one of the greatest captains of the age. His whole force scarcely amounted to 40,000 men, and with that little army he had confronted for six months, and eluded without loss, a host of more than 200,000 men.

Johnston soon became aware that McClellan had changed his route, but had by no means relinquished his determination to take Richmond. He now learned that he was transporting his whole force to the Peninsula, with the design of approaching the fated city by that route. But we have already so far exceeded our limits, that we have no space left to record the events of April and May, the most brilliant of Johnston's whole life. We cannot here tell how McClellan landed with a force of 158,000 men, how he appeared with more than 100,000 before the lines of Magruder, defended by 11,500—how that gallant officer was amazed and delighted to find that, instead of assaulting his position and carrying it at once, he sat down and began to dig dirt—how Johnston hastened with his whole army to his rescue—how he abandoned the lines of York without losing a man—how McClellan's forces were repulsed with enormous loss at Williamsburg—how he lied the whole Yankee nation into the belief that he had gained a victory—how Johnston fell back upon the line of the Chickahominy—how he inflicted a severe defeat on McClellan, in the great battle of the Seven Pines—and how he was prevented from following it up by a wound which was near proving fatal.

The career of Gen. Johnston has been such as the most illustrious chieftain might envy. A quick genius, a solid judgment, invincible firmness, imperturbable self-reliance, a will as resolute as that of "the first bald Cæsar," a penetration which no device can baffle, a perseverance which no difficulty can subdue, a courage which no danger can shake, quickness of conception, promptness of action, endurance almost superhuman, and reticence as perfect as the grave—all these we take to be characteristics of a great commander, and—in a high degree—General Johnston possesses them all. For proof, we need not go beyond the events of the last twelve months. He divined all the designs of Patterson, as if by intuition. With a force not half so strong as his, he thwarted all his plans and baffled all his enterprises. With the promptness of lightning, he flew to reinforce Beauregard, as soon as he discovered that he was to be attacked.—He suffered a clamor to be raised against him for not attacking McClellan, rather than permit the secret of his weakness to be known. In front of an army five times as strong as his own, he never suffered himself to be betrayed into a false movement, or lost for a single moment that perfect reliance upon his own resources, which is the mark, as it is the most fortunate property of a strong understanding. He found the army a brave, but little more than half-disciplined militia. He left it a host of veterans, able to contend with any body of equal numbers that ever trod the earth. We believe that he will live to render services even more brilliant than any he has yet rendered to his country.

"It is difficult to determine whether a clear, sincere, and honest procedure be the effect of probity or artifice."

Written for the Illustrated News.

A MEMORY.

BY GRACE MILLWOOD.

I listen to the Autumn wind,
And watch the brown leaves fall,
Until my heart grows sad with that
Which memory doth recall.

I close my eyes, try to dispel
The vision from my sight,
And whisper 'tis a dream—'twill pass
With morning's coming light.

In vain! alas! 'tis all in vain,
The mem'ry of that hour
Can ne'er forgotten be, or lost,
By any earthly power.

I start at every sound I hear,
And weep to think that thou
Art covered o'er with Autumn leaves,
And sleeping lowly now.

The winds a low sweet requiem sing
Above thy quiet grave;
I weep to think that one so loved
No earthly power could save.

Oh! loved, oh! worshipped of my heart,
Though years have passed away
Since first my life felt sting of grief,
And owned its bitter sway—

No time, no scene of later years,
No strength of human art,
Can banish for a single hour
Thy memory from my heart.

October 14th, 1862.

A MONARCH vested in gorgeous habiliments is far less illustrious than a kneeling suppliant, ennobled and adorned by communion with God. Consider how august a privilege it is, when angels are present, when cherubim and seraphim encircle with their blaze the throne, that a mortal may approach, with unrestrained confidence, and converse with heaven's dread Sovereign! Oh! what honor was ever conferred like this? When a Christian stretches forth his hands to pray, and invokes his God, in that moment he leaves behind him all terrestrial pursuits, and traverses, on the wings of intellect, the realms of light; he contemplates celestial objects only, and knows not of the present state of things during the period of his prayer, provided that prayer be breathed with fervency.

THERE is more real virtue in goodness, kindness, and cheerfulness of heart, than in all the cold, canting solemnity that was ever put on as a mask for selfishness.

Written for the Illustrated News.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 2.

Southern Illustrated News.

ENIGMA No. 3.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 12, 6, 15, 22, 9, has been an unwelcome visitor to the human family ever since the Creation.

My 1, 15, 14, 8, 21, 2, 20, 13, is the name of an ancient city.

My 4, 9, 13, 3, 10, 25, is certainly the lightest dispensation of Divine Providence.

My 1, 6, 2, 3, 15, 14, is the name of the noblest born and most talented statesman of olden times.

My 10, 23, 19, 22, 13, 17, 7, 4, 15, 22, 6, 3, is forever alienated from the hearts of the Southern people.

My 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, is a most wonderful *element*-airy exercise.

My 2, 4, 18, 15, 7, signifies the world.

My 1, 15, 22, 2, 5, 19, 11, 13, is the name of a distinguished Roman conspirator.

My 7, 15, 4, 2, 25, played a prominent part in the early history of the world.

My 22, 9, 6, 25, 19, 20, 26, 13, 14, is what caused Mrs. Stowe to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

My 9, 6, 2, 4, 9, 13, 11, 17, 13, 24, 22, 10, 6, 7, are singular objects that receive much attention from the inhabitants of certain portions of the world.

My 21, 15, 12, 13, 3, is a place frequently referred to in the Bible.

My 6, 12, 6, 23, was a place of rare and wondrous beauty, fit for the abode of angels.

My 7, 4, 15, 14, 7, 15, 22, 16, 19, 20, 9, 8, are rendered enchantingly beautiful by gathering gloom.

My 26, 13, 16, 22, 18, 6, 15, 25, 12, 8, 14, 10, 13, is what a good wife should be.

My 15, 23, 26, 10, 19, 7, is the Latin for a *live thing* that the Yankees took an especial pride in imitating some months since.

My 22, 9, 13, 25, 24, 5, 6, is a stream celebrated in history as being the receptable of innocents.

My 13, 18, 5, 6, 16, 22, 14, 6, 13, is the name of an accomplished European actress.

My 8, 13, 25, 12, 6, 14, is part of a railroad engine.

My 26, 10, 6, 7, 7, 22, 9, 19, 7, 14, 24, 12, 17, 5, 13, is what you must do.

My whole is a combination of two names in our Confederacy distinguished for their singular association with the elements of Jove and Mars.

F. C. B. Artillery.

Answer in next number.

THE SOUTHERN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

AYRES & WADE, Editors and Proprietors.

Richmond, Saturday, October 25, 1862.

The "Illustrated News" is published every Saturday afternoon, and may be had on application at our office, in the building occupied by Messrs. Samuel Ayres & Wade, corner of Cary and Virginia streets. The Trade supplied at a liberal discount.

To Advertisers.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in "Illustrated News," at the rate of one dollar per square.

Notice to Postmasters and Agents.—Any person sending us a list of ten subscribers, with the price of subscription, shall be entitled to an extra copy of the "Illustrated News." Any one sending us a list of twenty will receive thirty copies of the paper gratis. We call the especial attention of Postmasters to this fact.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

As an evidence that we are leaving no stone unturned to give the public a first-class literary paper, we take pleasure in announcing that we have secured the valuable services of the following named talented gentlemen and ladies, each of which will contribute weekly to the columns of this paper:

W. GILMORE SIMMS,
JAMES BARRON HOPE,
HUGH R. PLEASANTS,
JOHN R. THOMPSON,
Dr. BAGBY—(MUSE ANONE,)
Rev. J. C. McCABE, D.D.,
S. S. BRYANT,
MARGARET STILLING,
GRACE MILLWOOD,
MRS. HERBERT—(LOUISE MACHEM,)
ZILLA BRYANT,
LAURA LEASON,
SUSAN ARCHER TALLEY,
MARY LOUISE ROGERS,

And many other writers, whose names are withheld from motives of delicacy.

THE TIMES.

The army of Gen. Lee still occupies its old position near Winchester. There was a rumor, in the early part of the week, that McClellan had crossed the Potomac in force, and a battle was anticipated. But it turned out that only 15,000 of his men crossed, for the purpose, as the Yankees allege, of making a reconnoissance. An artillery combat took place at Charlestown, the principal weight of which was sustained by the third company of Richmond Artillery, Capt. R. H. Smith. Capt. Smith had his horse killed under him, and was so severely wounded in the foot that it was found necessary to amputate half of it. He lies at the house of Dr. Rutherford, and is doing well. On Thursday, the 17th, the "Stonewall Brigade" was sent to tear up the track of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and destroy a bridge. They found themselves in presence of an overwhelming force of Yankees, and were compelled to retreat hastily. The next morning, the enemy, judging from the smoke of a hay which had been accidentally set on fire, that our whole force was destroying stores preparatory to retreating, crossed along their whole line. When they found, however, that our army, so far from retreating, was advancing to give them battle, they fell back and recrossed the Potomac.

On the 19th, our cavalry made a dash upon a house not far below Charlestown, and captured a package of letters made up to be sent to the North. Among them was the following, apparently written by a nephew of Secretary Seward to his loving uncle. It was published in the "Dispatch," on Thursday, and we take it from that paper:

NEAR CHARLESTOWN, VA., Oct. 19, 1862.

Dear Uncle,—I get here from the Ferry yesterday afternoon. I have not time to write you but a few lines now, but will write more fully in a day or two.

I send you half a dozen copies of various of the Richmond papers, captured by some of our cavalry last night. By reading them you will see that the rebels are not yet fully convinced that they have not a chance in the world. Mr. Kinkaby, The Whig editor, says it never expected success there while the rebel army was under such incompetent generals! And the Examiner's editor is a state of painful anxiety about the battle of Perryville!

It seems that they have received despatches from Gen. Forrest, and numerous other Southern sources, telling of their victory; but Bragg's official report has not been received, and they have run the *Federal* papers, and say that *these do not which is defeat* to the Union men; the Southerners really doubt whether any has occurred! In this the sinister evidence of the success of your policy in regard to the Northern press! Gen. Scott was perfectly right in saying that Fredericksburg was a necessary part of the machinery of war. In this war it is a powerful aid, as the Southern press to publish and seem to credit to truth of what is contrary to our policy!

Push your policy as to the press still further. Make them state every fight a glorious victory and *stick to it*. It will do great good North and South. No time for more now. Bob Verplank is here, and well.

Very affectionately, your nephew,

WILLIAM H. VANPELT.

Hon. Wm. H. Seward.

The public may learn from this letter, exactly what degree of credit to give to any statement of any Yankee General. Indeed, we had long ago discovered that they generally mean just the reverse of deliberately and on principle. Hence McClellan's amazing lies, when he was cowering under the protection of his gun-boats at Berkeley, professing to have been victorious in every encounter, when he had been flying like a hunted fox from one cover to another for a whole week.

With regard to the reconnoissance made by McClellan's forces already alluded to, the Yankee papers state that it was entirely satisfactory, and that an important forward movement may be expected shortly. We wish it may be so, for we have entire confidence in General Lee's ability to beat them whenever they may make the attempt. But we do not believe McClellan has any such design. He is powerfully a slow coach, and ought to be called "Napoleon the Slow," to distinguish him from the other Napoleon, whose movements were so rapid that they always operated like a surprise. We are rather disposed to think that military operations on a grand scale have ceased for the winter, in that quarter, at least. In the meantime, our army is rapidly receiving supplies of shoes and clothing for the winter, and before the weather becomes severe, the troops will all be comfortably clad and shod.

The Philadelphia Inquirer gives some statements of the amount of damage done by Stuart at Chambersburg. The conflagration of the railroad station alone, it seems, inflicted a loss of $250,000 or more. Of the goods burned, the loss was principally upon merchants. A great load of revolvers was carried off, and about 800 good horses were taken from the stables. The whole expedition must have cost the Yankees at least one million of dollars, besides the fright, which is worth a million more.

In the early part of the week, great anxiety was felt for General Bragg and his army. At one time the most glowing reports of victories and captures of prisoners and cannon, in Kentucky, were received from Knoxville and Holly Springs. The public certainly expected to hear that Buell had been annihilated, and that Bragg was in Louisville. Instead of any such news, we learn that he had been defeated—that he was retreating rapidly—and that there was every prospect of his being surrounded and captured with his whole army. The city was in an indescribable state of agitation, a rumor having got abroad that the government was well aware of all this, and kept it from the people. At last, however, General Bragg's official account was published. He had fought but one battle, and had defeated the enemy. He was compelled to fall back because the enemy had received strong reinforcements. The Yankees themselves acknowledge a defeat. General Bragg was retiring leisurely, in the direction of Cumberland Gap. It is reported that Rosecrans was marching on Chattanooga; but we have seen no confirmation of the statement.

Gen. Pemberton has superseded Van Dorn, and is said to be rapidly reorganizing his army, which, after all, does not appear to have suffered so greatly as was at first supposed. It will soon be in a condition to resume the field in as strong force as it has ever mounted.

Gen. Prentiss has been making a speech in New York, in which he endorses Lincoln's proclamation, and urges war upon us to the knife. He says we have Yankee prisoners in our possession treated cruelly—which is a lie—and is in favor of emancipating and arming all the negroes. Richard O'Gorman publishes a card, in which he deliounces Caution St. Clair in very strong terms, and declares that if he dare not like it, he can help himself. Caution declines.

A vast naval expedition is really to sail from the Yankee ports—Against what part of the Southern coast it is designed to act, it is impossible to say. The Yankees themselves have been talking threatening Charleston, Savannah, Mobile and Richmond, all in a breath. We hope all are prepared for them.

Buell has arrested McCook and Rousseau for their conduct in the battle of Perryville.

Buell, which was last week up to 135 in New York, has dropped to 128. "Buell" Butler is as much of a beast as ever, and is still laying up wrath for the day of wrath.

Intelligence from Gen. Beauregard was received on Thursday, by telegraph. The Yankees made an attack on Pocotaligo and Coosawhatchie on Wednesday, endeavoring to destroy one of the railroads connecting Charleston with Savannah. They were repulsed, in gallant style, by Col. W. T. Walker, who commanded troops sent from Charleston, and fled, leaving their dead on the field. The railroad was not injured. The Yankees landed from thirteen gun-boats.

A CHANCE FOR THE POETS.

It was the privilege of the "Southern Illustrated News" to make the earliest announcement to the public that a prize of Three Hundred Dollars awaited the prize poem which should write the best poetical address to be delivered at the opening of the new Richmond Theatre in the month of December next. This announcement, made therefore in the columns of the South's foremost journal of the Confederate States, has already reached the farthest limits of the country, and, we doubt not, has aroused into unwonted activity the literary spirit of the South. Immediately proper was it that the competition should be open only to citizens of the Confederacy, otherwise, by this time, a host of Yankee poets would be stringing together their rhymes for the contemplated reward, and sending their multitudinous MSS. by flag of truce to the Committee of Judges. The enterprising tailors of Boston have done an excellent business in making Confederate uniforms for the prisoners in Fort Warren, and the green invisible notes of all Yankeedom would gladly enough write anything that might be desired for "Sequoia," be it ode, dirge, national anthem, inaugural address, epithalamium or poetical advertisement, in endless snapper, hexameter or any other metrical arrangement, for a certain sum of money to them in hand paid before the delivery of the immortal verses. And in this they act only after their kind. The Yankee is a trifling animal. Gen. McClellan was paying a premium to a soldier in the Confederate service, if the rank and pay were only high enough.

We need not fear, however, from the lists being restricted to the Confederate States, that the poets will be at a loss for competitors for the prize. There is a very general misapprehension in the public mind as to the gift of poesy, in respect of the number of persons in every generation, upon whom the benignant fairies that preside over the birth of each individual, have bestowed that inestimable boon. Because the great bards that have stirred the passions of mankind have appeared at remote intervals, and because very many men of the highest intellectual endowment could no more construct a stanza than they could make a sewing-machine, it has been commonly supposed that the faculty of writing "poetry" was the rarest of all talents. But there never was a greater mistake. We could continue any couplet to the contrary in five minutes by *proforma* at the lowest say, of the immense quantity of verses that lie unconsidered upon the table of our sanctum. Though the Muse is but an, but seldom old, we have lyrics enough, were they worthy of print, to supply the poets corner for as many years. At the time when writing paper is postremely high, and so constantly advances in price that it cannot, with any propriety, be called *stationary*, and when postage is a burden which might deter any one from needlessly cumbering the mails, we receive daily piles of poetical contributions, which increase upon us to an extent that we sometimes feel strongly compelled to resume the services of an "able-bodied man" for their perusal. We commiserate the task of the judges who shall be selected to decide on the Opening Address for the Theatre. Poets, we have hinted, and as will be readily believed, these immortous sing-offerings are not remarkable for celestial fire. The "rebel" muse, we grieve to say, is as disobedient and wayward a child, as disposed a baby, that she rebels against all the laws of the land, and cares less than nothing about her rod. Any one who will examine the "War Songs," collected by "Dabnesia" and published by West & Johnson, will find a few noble lyrical compositions, but he will find a much greater number to establish the fact that the rebellion of the Southern poets against authority is bold and reckless indeed.

With regard to the poetical occasion presented by the opening of the new Theatre for poetical effort, it must be admitted that such opportunities and incentives are rarely held out to aspiring youth. It is truly a "fine Opening" for a young man of talent. Consider the circumstances. We are in the midst of war. Naturally all thoughts, feelings and emotions are connected with the struggle—What so easy or so proper for the poet as to give his verses the patriotic direction, and thus indirectly to swelling at the tide of energy displayed upon the field of battle? From Tyrtaeus to Rouget de l'Isle this theme has animated the hard to the lofiest minstrelsy, and the same emotions which glow in the Marseillaise has kindled in all in the familiar words of that somewhat inferior production, "My Maryland." Then, recurring to the Theatre, there is the well-known fact of its destruction by fire, and its re-appearance from the ashes under greatly difficult difficulties, giving that immortal little Phoenix, the best possible chances to impinge newly-feathered wings and spread himself. What poet could not soar upon a Phoenix, and what is Pegasus but a broken down sportsmanship's barter in the comparison? And then there is the price, not hard wherewith to reach the successful competitor before the foot lights, (though press hope would it be out of keeping with the occasion,) but Three Hundred Dollars, mark you, in Treasury Notes, a compensation of not less than Four Dollars a line for an Ode of seventy-five lines, which is the standard of length in such compositions. What a stimulus to the quivering of a penny-a-liner!

In the year 1814 there was a competition for a similar prize, which makes an interesting episode in the history of English literature.—One of the eleverest poets of the age of modern times was suggested by it—the "Rejected Addresses" of James and Horace Smith, a book still read with delight, wherein Dr. Johnson's Ghost is made to colloquize so naturally that Boswell's shade might have come back to hear him, and Scott, Byron, Moore, Crabbe, Southey, Wordsworth and Spencer are travestied to the life. Drury Lane Theatre had been consumed and re-built, and a prize was offered for an Ode to be recited at the re-opening. The Smiths connected the idea of publishing, as the unsuccessful pieces offered to the Committee, certain imitations of the leading poets of the day, and these imitations were so amazingly ingenious that, though executed in broad caricature, some of them were believed by many persons to be actually written by the poets themselves. The Drury Lane prize was won by Lord Byron in an Ode which was, in truth, less like himself and less meritorious than other entries for him by Smith. We are not likely to have as good an one as either of these for our theatrical inauguration, but where is the Byron of our day or the man that can even imitate him successfully?

BOOK NOTICES.

We have received from Messrs. West & Johnston the following new books:

"*Beyond Reveille*," handsomely illustrated, by Lieut. Col. R. McTyeire Cary, new edition.

"*The Quartermaster's Guide*," by Major Blackfield.

This book should be in the hands of every quartermaster in the Confederate army.

"The War, a Poem," with copious notes.

The last-named book is a history of the war up to the present time, in verse, by Prof. John H. Hewitt. This little work will prove invaluable as a future book of reference, as the foot notes to the poem give the date of each important event since the commencement of the present struggle. It also possesses much literary merit.

The above books can be had of Messrs. West & Johnston, Main street.

We see it noticed in the Yankee journals that "Marion Harland," the authoress of "Alone," the "Hidden Path," &c., who was paralyzed in a Baltimore manner, by several of our conscriptions, as the "great Southern authoress," has just issued a new book in Gotham, entitled "Miriam," which she has dedicated to that miserable old demagogue and bitter bastard abolitionist, Gov. D. Porter, of the Louisville "Journal."

"THE MAGNOLIA."

It is the title of a neat little sheet published in this city every Thursday, by Mr. Chas. Bailie. We welcome the "Magnolia" as a co-laborer in the cause of Southern literature, and wish its proprietor abundant success.

VIEW OF VICKSBURG.

We shall, in our next number, present our readers with a beautiful view of the gallant little city of Vicksburg, Miss.

Written for the Illustrated News.

THOUGHTS OF MY OWN THINKING.

NO. III.

"In these sober meaner times"—(SHAKESPEARE)—which means, as explained by Dr. Johnson—*"In these times, when the precedence of trade has produced that meanness that raises the merit of everything by mean arts."*

There was a little boy that told his mother, "If you don't give me a piece of cake, I'll go right straight off and catch the measles." Now, grown people are not so foolish as they are wiser than children, but how we, in the day, could prove it, is a new discovery. We must make a trial of it. There is no doubt, however, about the measles; we are all "broke out now." What is the matter with us? Selfishness, downright, outright, selfishness.

We have entered into a struggle with the Northern States, and have determined to abide the issue, at least we have not be doubtful if we were true to ourselves. The North would never conquer the South—no, never! *but the South can destroy itself!* Why? by its speculations and extortions. The measles may strike in and the patient die.

In this curious world of ours, there are strictly but two classes. You may call them good and bad—I do not—I say they are those who live under opposite influences.

One class is very large, and will be found in active every where and always is, *self*—with these, patriotism means the protection of *my* house and my field, with the chance of my making money. If you taunt me, all is wrong; if you torture others, it is all the same to me. Why a Christian, God bless you—yes, a Christian, one called a man, "Self is first always." What idea had he of Christ? and yet, you may see him any Sunday close to the pulpit and greatly edified—but he *contrives* how you touch him in the world, or will find, in truth, "Self is first." And yet, is he not a patriot? Will such friendship is a confederacy by which to draw from and advantage to *myself*. Virtue is an apparel seemly in the eyes of the world, and will give me weight of character, I will wear the vestment, for it will, in the appearance cures my health and gives me sound judgment.

Even in the family circle, and perhaps the benefit of every flow of the affections, and is ever jealous if it fails to receive; while its own giving is an accident never provided for, unless in the nature of an outlay in view of a return.

Even the altars of God are crowded with selfish worshippers who have no love for Him, but who desire to appease the justice they fear, and escape the destruction at thought of which they shudder—and yet, they can think of the destruction of others without sympathy, and see those that fall ruin without sorrow.

Another class, and yet wholly extinct, live under different influences. These are not regardless of self, but they are also regardful of others.

With them, patriotism is desirous of their own good and their own happiness; but feeling each one, as but one, in the great whole, are willing, when necessary, to forego some good to themselves, if it cannot be enjoyed without sharing with the general welfare. The spirit is one of sacrifice and forbearance. Such men, if they hold sub-lease, or have a lease, would now want their brethren in a common cause to pay them 50 per cent. profit on it. They would be incapable of any cold-blooded extortion. With such, the view is broad and looks over a wide field, and sees thousands laboring with the same rights of protection, and they recognize all these interests as they do their own.

Friendship is the going out of one soul after another kindred soul, and the exercise of a mutual confidence, feeling both to give and receive benefits. Virtue is reverenced becauseof its virtue, and trusted and treasured because it is a purifying salt in society.

In the family, these seek to do their part both of love and labor for the general good, and to be ready to do for others ones there is felt as a benefit to all, without a greedy and anxious care that it is not reciprocated to them. And in religion, these love and honor God because he is worthy, in himself, of all their devotion; and seek union with Him because it is cause of honor in itself, and of happiness in the effect upon them, and gives assurance of a life worth living for; a pure immortality. And these not only desire that others should be religious, but are ready to labor that others may share its benefits.

The outside action of the large majority show them to be of the *selfish*, and so few are seen of the other class that many have denied their existence. The crowding into cities is evidently for the selfishness of mutual selfishness of stimulation. The display of cunning success—the display of dress and some two-penny title of distinction, and the successes pried and sought, are all so many evidences of unadulterated selfdrive, that only regards others as ministering to their selfishness.

The few of the other class, who occasionally the world prefers them, are regarded as time or visionary, and are only despised by the mass for their absurdity and weakness, beladed for their moral elevation.

It is this unmixed selfishness that makes,one a wintry world of marble and steel and ice—of beautiful forms and splendid creations, polished and glittering; but cold as hard and cold—if it could be changed to the rule of mind, as one in his frailty he may be, it would appear a spring-time garden of plenteous fruits and beautiful flowers, and of milk and honey and gold.

Go on and perfect one system, and you will have Pandemonium—the perfection of the other would be the Millennium. Will most never learn that life is better, that life is happier, when we give up something from our selfishness, or when we do something that will benefit another?

FEMALE loveliness never appears to so good an advantage as when set off with simplicity of dress. No artist ever sketch his angels with towering features and gaudy jewelry, and our human angels, if they would make good their title to that name, should carefully avoid ornaments which properly belong to Indians and African princesses. These ornaments may serve to give effect on the stage or upon a ballroom of simplicity. A vulgar taste is not to be disguised by gold and diamonds.

Written for the Illustrated News.

GETTING MARRIED

BY AN ARTIST.

(Continued.)

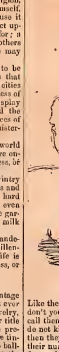
You will have perceived that my mind was running on matrimony. The lock keeper, his daughter, and his mule, all inclined my thoughts that way. Why this was so, I present not to say. Uncle Phil had a strong aversion matrimony, yet I have often believed that his presence had something to do with it. He was a man in the depth of my day dreams, and there may have been a magnetic *aura*, or some thing of that sort, about him. Poor old man! how little he dreamed that he was the instrument in the hands of destiny, to accomplish, early enough for him, as it turned out, my fate.

To matter-of-fact men, this notion will be deemed a wild vagary. Very well. I don't say that it is not; but this will be to say, that although I am no believer in phrenology, I am entirely satisfied that the "mesmeration-effects" theory does not at all account for many of the thoughts and impulses which influence a man's career on this earth, and, perhaps, beyond it.

My wife, instead of wrath against poor old Uncle Phil had a good effect,—it quieted me down, tranquilized me, and, but for the great heat of the day, I should have filled my portfolio with the fruits of the shadowy scenery which we met at every turn of the canal. As it was, I went down into the cabin and tried to read. But there was such a hubbub that reading was impossible. The bar was closed, yet there was no lack of that exhilarating and costly fluid against which Gen. Winder and Capt. Jacquemine are so implacable. Do you know that liquor makes men think every body drab? They may think, and do, what they can. Here was a party of fellows, whose noses were almost touching, yet they howled at each other as if they were miles apart,—forgetting that there were ladies and an artist of tender sensibilities within a few feet of them. Another thing I've noticed about liquor—it coats the tongue with quality and indency. Why is this? and why don't bar-keepers keep an antidote to clean these furred tongues? Still another thing I have observed, and it is this: since the war broke out, our Southern people have begun to imitate the Yankee practice of carrying carpet-bags; and the black formations of phrenologically called bottles—which I have seen extracted from Southern carpet bags during my travels in the course of the last year, exceed in number all the tech which have been extracted by all the dentists in Richmond since the city was a settlement. But it is worthy of remark that the drawing of a black bottle out of a carpet-bag is as rare as pulling a set the drawing of a tooth. You don't have to cut round the gaunt, and black bottle has'nt got any roots—though they are full of fangs—fangs of the deadliest of serpents. If the War Department will issue an order against the carrying of carpet-bags, the smuggling of whiskey will stop in a great degree, manners will improve, traveling will be far more pleasant, there will be no need of artificial boy, and what is best of all, the process of transmogrification into Yankees, which we Southerners are undergoing, will cease, and the depravity of morals attributed to the war, but in reality due to carpet-bags, will be arrested.

Unable to rend, I amused myself by leaning out of the window, paddling in the water with my boots, and watching the tow-line, as it alternately dipped in the water and rose dripping to sight. I had been much amusing to the freight-boats as they passed, and admired the ingenuity with which one boat would run over the tow-line of the other—A little apple-faced boy, who was driving the mules attached to one of the freight-boats, came in for a share of my attention, and I re-produce his picture here for a reason which you shall soon know.

Like the lock-keeper's daughter, the little mule-driver was the centre of my brain-pan for a minute or two. He had a mere glimpse of my person, and gave her the whip around his neck, by way of compliment. I could have wished a better and cleaner clothes for him, and he been a son of mine, but doubt if they would have made him happier or healthier—With me health is a child is almost everything—

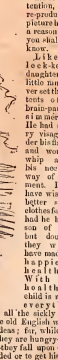


THE LITTLE MULE-DRIVER.

Like the Spartans, I go in for killing all the sickly ones, don't you? But "swine-cattle," as the old English writers call them, are very Spartan in their ideas; for, while they do not kill their sickly young, except they are hungry—and then they devour sick and well alike—they fall upon one of their number who happens to be wounded or to get his head fast under a gate or fence, raise a great hullabaloo of sympathy over him, and end by putting him to death.

But to return to the boy. The happy, shabby, bare-footed little urchin, put it into my head that I would like to have a boy. Would not a boy? Thomas would write a delicious essay on "Dream Children," and I have half a mind to tell you about the fair picture of a noble little fellow of eight summers, which I drew in a reverie, as I sat there in the packet-boat, paddling my hand in the water. But no, not now; this is not the place for it, and besides, I know you want me to quit my cogitations, and come to the story.

The reason why I re-produce, for your benefit, my sketch of the little mule-driver, is this, and it is very singular. After I left the canal, I took passage in a steam-boat; and, as usual, written in the pages of Nature, I read the person I laid my eyes on was the pilot in the pilot-house, and, lang syne, I had been a man's the exact image of the little fellow I had seen on the towpath. I leave you such a resemblance. Eyes, mouth, nose, cheeks, chin, and expression, were identical. I didn't doubt for a moment that he was a very near relative of the boy, and, at all events, was determined to satisfy myself on the point. So I went up to him, and, without thinking of the effect such a question, proposed nakedly, by a perfect stranger, would have, said:



THE PILOT.

"You are the brother of a boy that drives the mules of a freight-boat on canal?"

His goodnatured expression faded instantly, and he replied, scornfully:

"You're a drotted fool, ain't you?"

"No," I returned; "but if you will come out of there, I'll show you what I am."

"I can't leave the wheel, and you know it. But you jes wait, Mr. Stuck-up, until we get to town, and you'll find your wheel-house stove in, you will."

Here I was in for a fight with a pilot, five minutes after getting aboard the boat, with the prospect of having my "wheel-house stove in" by night.

"Very well," said I to the pilot; "I'm your man."

With that I walked off toward the stern of the boat—There I found a number of people, mostly gentlemen, seated in uniform and cushion-cloth, and I was shortly engaging, more hotly than the day before, on the packet-boat, but the people did not seem to mind it. I did, for the pilot had made me as hot as a ginger mill. "Stuck-up! Stuck-up!" the name rang in my ears, and set my cheeks on fire. The solution of the heat caused quite a pleasant breeze, but still I felt the need of shade. So I sat down on the bench, and behind my wheelhouse hinge one—and reflected on the insult given me by the pilot. The more I thought of it, the more it enraged me; for if there is any name in the world that I hate, it is "Stuck-up." It is a name, it is entirely inappropriate, so vulgar, so everything. I am neither vain nor proud, and to be stigmatized as "stuck-up" by a simpleton, who knew nothing whatever about me, and had just seen me for the first time in his life, was outrageous.—The occasion was too hot and too touchy for me to think of fighting him with the fist, so I made up my mind to shoot him, or else complain of him to the Captain, and in that way get rid of him. The latter appeared to be rather the best plan.

By this time my arm began to get tired of holding the big umbrella, and I determined to listen it to the back of the bench. This operation was just completed, when up come two fellows and seeing the seat beside me, sat down, under the umbrella. Neither of them said so much as "By your leave." I looked at one, and then at the other.—The man on my right—the one in his shirt-sleeves—I put down at once as a conscript. His weeheame countenance justified the idea, and the worked array with the shield one he shot by a Yankee consoled me for his impertinent intrusion, and kept me from taking angry with him. But the other fellow—the one with the pipe in his mouth—there was no excuse for; none whatever. He was an exempt, evidently. "Pipe" was written all over him, from his lackadaisical, sinpering face, to his meekly folded arms, and his bluish pantaloons. With him I was thoroughly incensed. To think of both of them, I thought I would draw their likenesses right before their faces. I pulled out my book and worked away with all the energy of a prepossessed rage. This attracted their attention, and of course, "in my extreme surprise, for I didn't think there was any thing odd in him, spoke up in a lively tone, and said:

"Well, old squint eye, what are you arter now? Ingoing my indignation at this new application. "Stuck-up!" said "squint eye"—two nick-names in less than half an hour, and from entire strangers! The truth is, I was squirming terribly, for the glare of the sunbeams on the deck and waters told pitilessly on my weak eyes. So, mad as I was, I made no answer to "Cemcrip's" question, but sketched on as hard as I could. The likenesses soon began to come out so boldly that there was no mistaking them. Then it was that "Exempt" exclaimed:

"Blamed if the sap-head ain't a drawin' a likeness o' me!"

This was enough. "Exempt" was a weekly-looking man, and I determined to do for him in brief order.

When I am really mad, I am deliberate. I arose, folded my sketch-book, and laid it down on the bench. "Con-

"Conscript," "Artist, and "Exempt."

script" immediately snatched it up and began to look at it, "Exempt" joining him in the examination. I went on deliberately to put away my pencils and to roll up my coffee-fully bent on avenging my outraged dignity, and upon taking ample payment for the abominable kick-taken at "Steek-up," "Squint-eye," and "Sap-head." My friends were still too busy examining my sketches to pay any attention to me. Regarding them in wonder, I concluded it would be cowardly to attack "Exempt" alone. I therefore deliberately sprang at "Conscript" with one hand, and "Exempt" with the other.

The next moment, I—

When I am mad, I am deliberate; but when the fighting begins, I lose my self-possession. My head swims, I get blind, I don't keep cool. The fact is, I am not accustomed to fighting. How it happened I know not, but the next moment after I had sprawled my friends, I became dimly conscious of being under the water. The inhuman wretches had "doubled in" upon me, and pitched me into the river. It is a wonder I was not drowned, seeing I was hurled from the upper deck of the steamer. But a merciful Providence saved me, and this untoward rencontre served only to assist me in "getting married."

A boat picked me up, and when I got back on deck I found my sketches all safe and my friends under arrest; for they proved to be back concerning, on their way to a camp of instruction, in charge of an officer. A suit of dry clothes helped to restore my equanimity, but there were too many questions to answer, and too much scrutiny of my humble self on the part of the passengers. My position was uncomfortable. As it made not a particle of difference with me where I stopped, I got off at the next landing, went to a country tavern, lived on the fat of the land—fish, game and oysters were plentiful there—and wound up my festive season by a violent attack of ague and fever. I have a picture of myself when the ague was at the height, and would put it in here but for the fact that it produces vertigo in every person who looks at it.

One day I had a congestive chill, which nearly laid me out. The doctor poured quinine down me until I could taste it in my very boots. My head felt like a full moon stuffed with warm flannel, and there was a ringing of bells in my ears equal to a Yankee jubilation over the victory at Manassas. When I got better, the doctor advised me to buy a horse and ride about in the mountains. Horse-flesh was dear, but my landlord was a judge of the article, and put me up to a neat little trick.

"That's a quarter-master here," said he, "with a lot of broken-down horses; jest let me pick one for you, and I bet you get the best bargain you ever got in your life."

"Very well," said I.

He brought me a skeleton, the very sight of which made me shudder.

"Why, landlord," I exclaimed, "that thing will break down of its own accord in less than a mile. It looks like it was going to fall to pieces, anyway."

"That sandin' is the makin' of a prime horse" he replied. "He's been terribly abused in the army, but if you take leer of him, he will come out wonderfully. That mail will carry you as far as you will ride in a day, anyhow, and if you feed him high, he and you will improve together."

The landlord was correct. I got better every day, and so did the horse. I have got him now, and he cost me $500 for him. An "Ornamental," who has to gallop up and down the streets of Richmond, to the great terror of the laboring population of the Bluff neighborhood, and the delusion of everybody that has got common sense, would give $1,000 for him.

My horse and myself went gally on our way, making easy stages at first; living well, fattening, strengthening, and gradually lengthening each day's journey. In process of time, we struck the tow-path of the canal, down which I had travelled during the summer. That very day came on the memorable storm, which we all flattered ourselves was sent by Providence for the destruction of Burnside, then on his way to Roanoke Island. What perversity induced me to continue my journey in the rain and wind? Something only known. I had a thick overcoat—the cold weather seemed only to make me stronger—my horse evidently enjoyed it, and, perhaps, Fate had a hand in the matter.

At all events, I went on until nightfall, and then found myself not exactly lost, but entirely out of my reckoning. Night came on rapidly. Soon it was pitch dark. The wind rose fiercely and the rain fell heavily. In a moment, as it seemed, I had passed out of a known into an unknown country—wild, black and stormy. I felt as if I were thousands of miles from any human habitation. I was alone less what to do; having learnt from books and some little experience that the best thing a man can do under circumstances such as this, is to let his horse the reins and let him go his own way. He will be sure to find the nearest house.

"Bonnegrand"—that is the name I had given my noble steed—understood me at once, increased his pace, and soon turned off from the canal into the country. Unable to see an inch before my nose, I closed my eyes and let him go on. Perhaps, an hour had passed, when he stopped abruptly, snorted, and refused to go forward. I had become very chilly, very impatient, and now became very angry, and plunged the spurs into him. He darted ahead and struck, as I thought at the moment, a cow or something of that sort. I was about to proceed without stopping to investigate the matter, when I was arrested by a groan—only one groan—and then all was still.

Dismounted, and, leading my horse by the bridle, went back to ascertain the extent of the injury I had unwittingly inflicted. I had not gone many steps before my foot struck the body of some one lying in the road.

"Are you much hurt, friend?"

No answer.

I repeated the question. Still no answer. I stooped down, put out my hand, and felt, as I supposed, the whiskers of the injured person. But as I moved my hand upward from the chin, I felt a depression. "His jaw is fractured," said I, "and he is stunned." Exploring still further with my fingers, I could not neither mouth, nor nose, nor eyes—all was smooth—and I lose up my fingers touched my lips, and I tasted blood, salty blood.

Words cannot convey the horror that seized me as I thought of that frenzied bloody corpse of something—was it a man that lay there at my feet in the muddy road, while the winds were howling, the rain pouring, and the blackness of darkness was all around me?

A terrible agonized cry came on. Again I tried to assume the hopeless mass that lay in the mud; failing in that, I tried, as well as my awful chill would allow me, to call for assistance. But my quivering voice died on the parting wind without bringing any response. Nothing was left for me to do but remount my horse, and let him carry me where he might. I did so, and ere long, in my intense satisfaction, a light came in view. Of course, the house was near at hand; for light could not penetrate far in darkness so intense.

I was soon knocking at the door. It was opened by a beautiful black-eyed young lady. My pale face—for I confess I was terribly frightened and felt like a murderer—my chattering teeth—for the ague fit was shaking my very bones—struck the young lady with terror, and she drew back. But I made a piteous appeal, and she took me to the fire. There my story was soon told, the adventure with the horrible thing—whatever it was—was the end included. Imagine the rush of painful emotions in my breast, when the young lady exclaimed—

"Oh, me! oh, me! it's poor Uncle Phil. I know. This was his evening to come, and Aunt Abby is waiting for him."

Aunt Abby was the old man's wife.

Still I felt how we quickly went in search of Uncle Phil—I insisted upon accompanying the party, in spite of my ague and persuasions to the contrary—how we found him—how, when I saw his poor bald head dabbled in blood, the temple crushed in by my horse's hoof, I understood at once why his face had seemed to me formless, horrible—how we brought him to his wife's house! Shall I tell you this? I cannot—'Tis too painful.

There sat the old woman, patiently waiting for her husband. It almost broke my heart the first sight of her face, so unsuspicious was it of the evil tidings that awaited her.

Nor will I venture to tell what the effect was when the news was broken to her. Grief, even in the African, is sacred. Indeed, I could not tell what happened for several days after I arrived at Col. ——'s hospitable house, for I was confined to my bed, almost delirious with fever and the excitement I had gone through. The family were as kind to me as people could be; but the young lady, after I got strong enough to enter the parlor, was shy. To be honest, she avoided me. Disagreeable as the fact was, I could not hide it from myself. While she was never, in the least degree, unlady like, she gave me plainly to understand that my presence was not pleasant to her. But the more she avoided me, the more was I drawn to her. Hopeless as my case evidently was, it seemed inevitable. I was obliged to go on, though I saw what was coming.

One morning, I proposed to go out to see Aunt Abby.

"No, don't; please, don't!" said my lady-love—for so I must now call her. "She would rather not see you."

"Why not?" I inquired.

"Oh! you know."

"She doesn't blame me, does she?"

"No, but then she—she would rather not see you."

I said no more. The same evening, however, without letting any one know my intention, I went to the old woman's cabin. She received me politely, but that was all. I was deeply moved by her dejected looks, and must have proved by my very manner the sincerity of my sympathy. Still Aunt Abby maintained her coldness. I repeated my visit the next evening and the next, without producing any material change in the old woman's feelings toward me.

The day drew nigh when I must leave. Forcing an interview, which my lady-love vainly strove to avoid, I learned there was no hope. I did not exactly address her, for I trimmed the edges of the delicate question very finely: nevertheless, I retired with a strong conviction of having been rejected.

Packed my saddle-bags immediately, and then sat down and regarded them pensively. These I unpacked them, took out pencil and paper and drew a careful and finished likeness of "Uncle Phil." I carried it to his wife. She burst into tears the moment she saw it. Then I recounted "Beau regard"—by this time in splendid condition, for he had been most bountifully fed and admirably groomed—and went home.

There I gave myself up to dolefully-sweet repinings over a lost young woman with black eyes.

"Gone, forever gone," said I, one night, as I sat gazing

Aunt Abby.

into the one ears. My servant came in. "De's a boy out here want to see you."

"Bring him in."

"Who are you?"

"Name Ben, sir—lings to Col. ——. I tended to yo' hoss when you was dar."

"S. ya dis. How's your ma, pa, and fam? Glad to see you All well at Col. ——?"

"Yes, sir, 'cappin' tis Ain' Abby. She tole me fur to tell you you must come to yo' house agin. 'Tis her lord you to see you fo' she die, and she say you won't rimpent ef you come."

"Very well; I'll go. But what are you doing away up in this neighborhood?"

"I'm pot a wife 'bout two miles from here."

"Ah! that accounts for it."

With that I dismissed him. The next morning early I was in the saddle, and, though dark, "Dunwoody" had landed me at Col. ——'s door. My reception, on the part of the old folks, was all that I could ask; even the young lady seemed less cold. Aunt Abby was delighted to see my likeness of her husband had wrought wonders for me. And who do you suppose made the old woman so anxious to see me again before she died, for her health was failing? Why, to draw Uncle Phil and herself together once more, so that she might look at it while she lived, and leave it to her young mistress when she died. Of course, I complied, and the picture hung at the head of Aunt Abby's bed to this day—for her health rallied, and she lids now fair to live to be a hundred.

How long I stayed at Col. ——'s in this visit, how often I returned, and what happened during each visit, I shall not tell you. That I succeeded, you already know.

Some months after I was married, I said, to my wife:

"Mary, it seems to me that you changed your opinion of me very suddenly. When I went back, at Aunt Abby's request, your manner was altogether different. How did this happen?"

"Aunt Abby was at the bottom of it all."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; but for her you never would have had a wife."

"Think so? Let me tell you, madam, there were thousands of girls dying for the handsome young artist. But tell me about Aunt Abby."

"Well, Aunt Abby is my 'mammy,' you know, and I always promised her to marry the man she chose. After you gave her Uncle Phil's likeness, her heart softened toward you. She told me of the visits you had made to her, and of the kindness and goodness of heart you had shown. Then she talked to me about you, and I got to thinking about you, and then—then—"

"Now, no more, my life, my love, my adored, my darling, my—"

"Mr. Arlen, you have been running the blockade."

"No, I haven't, you cold-blooded little wretch. I have been existed, inspired and enthused by the wonderful, supernatural, or rationable narrative you have just recited to 'Aunt Abby was at the bottom of it.' Well, that's one way of getting married."

"Don't you like it?"

"I do, indeed, and I only wish all the young men in the Confederacy could be so fortunate. What a very pressing reason why every young man should get married. The fact is, government should put a premium on getting married."

"Explain yourself."

"Young woman, your little brain is not strong enough to comprehend the profound problems of Malthus."

Written for the Illustrated News.

THE DYING CHILDREN.

BY WILLIE.

The sun is very bright, mother,
The flowers are blooming fair,
But are the moon shall rise, mother,
Oh! I shall not be here.

My little bird that sings to me
When I am sad and lone,
Will cheer you all the while, mother,
When I am dead and gone!

The rose-buds in the garden, too,
By Spring will be in bloom—
Take from it the roses, mother,
And plant them on my tomb.

The little books I used to read,
When sister you shall see,
Give to her, and she will keep them well,
And often think of me).

My voice is growing weak, mother,
My pulse, 'tis beating slow,
The chilly winds of death are near—
I feel that I must go.

Place your hand in mine, dear mother,
And kiss my aching brow;
'Tis sad to see thee weep, mother,
But I must leave thee now.

Dry me fresh the brave old sir,
Where oft I've loved to stray;
The birds will come at early dawn,
And sing their songs to me.

And when evening's quiet hour
Calls home the bird and bee,
In spirit I shall be with you,
And then shall think of me!

Written for the Illustrated News.

RAJOR POMMEL, OF THE CATTAHOORAH CAVALRY.

BY A. STUNNER, M.D., C. S. A.

(CONTINUED.)

"Well met, Pommel," he said, "I was on the look out for you. I've something to say. Here the Colonel assumed an expression of great solemnity, and continued, "Sir, the very devil's to pay." "Ah!" exclaimed I, "What's that, Brand?" "Why, the devil's to pay in a lake. Out with your story. You know it's impossible to impose on me." A broad smile succeeded this grave expression as he answered: "The old ladies—he lives irreverently described the County court—have settled it that there's to be a rising tonight, and are waiting for you to receive the country from its impending fate. So go along like a good fellow, and make the best of it. Do a personal favor—by saving old Gigson." Brand's communication took me by surprise. I had seen that the negroes were more or less excited, and had seen the signs of rising, the most frightened part of our population; and had so represented to the municipal justices. In this opinion they had concurred, with the exception of Gigson, and hence, as I have said, I was surprised at Brand's announcement. "What has happened that they should want to do?" were the questions which naturally suggested themselves.—"What has happened?" repeated Brand. "Really I don't know, unless old Gigson has been dropped by his own shadow. As for what they are going to do, I can't tell." "Ah! I wonder the rebels?" said I, interrupting the speaker. "Go along and settle old Giggy. As thou lovest me, Hal, don't forget to frighten the old Dictionary. Go'on, I'll join you before you get there."

So saying, he waved his hand, and I squared off in a trot, leaving Brand behind me. Some time this venerable building was guarded by the Sheriff's deputy, who looked as wise as an owl and as solemn as a chancery bill, while scanning Mark's antics—cutting capers and gathered in the ample portico. I was admitted by this grave looking functionary into the presence of the Magistrates, who had gathered around their large table at the upper end of the great room in which they held their sessions. They were a fine-looking set of men, for the most part, in long tail coats, bright spurs and silvery locks, were abundant among them. No person, except Brand, would have spoken irreverently of these men, and he certainly meant no disrespect. Even Giggy was a fine-looking old chap; but, there was an irresistible tendency in the Colonel's mind to be found in that of any other member of the company. He had no sooner observed my approach than, interrupting some remark he was making, he exclaimed "Pommel, come to the front and explain!" "Ah! Captain Pommel! I am glad to see you, sir, I have been expecting you sooner." And Mr. Gigson shook me, with great cordiality, by the hand.—I bowed to the company, and begun a question, which Mr. Gigson interrupted by exclaiming, "Sit down, Sir, sit down." "Captain, we have sent for you to consult in regard to the rebellion—to the attempted rising in the county, sir, in regard to the present aspect of affairs." Having ended this announcement, he looked about him with an air of dignified confusion, as though he had spoken a little too much, and could have made a neater or more comprehensive statement of the wishes of the court. Having surveyed the company, he drew out his red bandanna, and wiped his forehead, while waiting for my answer. "Before expressing my opinion," I replied, "I would like to know what are the facts have come to light." "Facts!" exclaimed old Colonel Hammerly, "Facts! Yourquestion is well put! As for the facts; devil a fact has come out yet! All fictions, sir; rumors; stuff; nonsense; fiddle!" And he rap on the table with great energy as he spoke. "But, my dear Colonel," interposed Mr. Giggy, "really you are too hasty in your conclusions;—hear the Colonel—hear the Colonel, Pommel, seeing which the oratorical Justice addressed himself more particularly to me.—I have been explaining the matter about the St. Domingo insurrection, to these gentlemen."—"What the devil has that got to do with us?" exclaimed the Colonel, "Answer me, sir!" "My dear Colonel, I thought you assume me by your question!" What has it to do with us? A great deal, sir, for all history repeats itself; what has been may again happen—may, sir, *does* again happen. We're the authority of Solomon for that. For my own part, I should regard it as a sign that the hand of Providence not to take some additional precaution."

"But what reason do you have?" I asked. "I'm curious on that point." "Ah, yes! really I had forgot to tell you. Old Mrs. Patsy Sims has lost an axe, and that axe was undoubtedly taken by a nigger. What more do you see for? That's the question." I shudder to think of it, sir! I shudder! I cave for myself, sir, but I shudder to think what might happen if we neglected this warning.—My opinion is, that your troop should at once be ordered to town, and kept there until this thing is over." "And, in that case, what's to become of the country?" "Yes," added, half a dozen voices.—"Yes, in that case, what's to become of the country people?" At last, after much debate, of which I have given you a fair sample, it was decided that a detachment of my troopers should take up at the tavern every night, and be quartered in the ball-room, as a sort of main guard. After this decision was arrived at, Mr. Giggy seemed latent, Brand entered, just at that moment, drew him aside, and from the profound gravity of the countenance of the latter, I knew he was filling the excitable Magistrate some terrible story of his own invention. Leaving Giggy all attention and Brand all solemnity, I returned myself to the court and took my way down to "The Antlers," to send this same boy Tom with one or two orders. "Do you remember that, Tom?" "Yessper dat! I shan't never forgit it. I was powerful scared, so was de laidiace of solud folks; but I layed orders and took yo' note to Marse Henry Trevillian—dat was your sergeant. Certainly I recollecke—Marse Tom, certain! I do!" "That'll do, Tom," said the Major, whereupon Tom made an act of his recollections and his master resumed: "I sent a note to Harry Trevillian, and left it to his discretion to detail the guard, being certain that he would collect the most pleasant of our friends. Having sent off Tom with my note, I strolled out to the place for of some young friends of the order ——. This occupied me until after eleven, at which hour I took up my line of march for "The Antlers." There I found, to my surprise, Mr. Giggy, Brand and my young troopers were evidently intent on making him drunk, and I was not long in discovering that all parties, the Magistrates included, were beat on making a night of it. Mr. Giggy was particularly amusing: he had armed himself with an antique blunderbuss, in addition to which he had unearthed a venerable local sword of considerable fame and manufacture. Altogether, his worship cut a very absurd figure. His fears had now given place to the most exhilarant gaiety, and at this very evident fact, after a few more glasses of rum-punch with Brand and the young troopers, he would be unquestionably drunk. He was then verging toward that condition when I broke away from the company to vain they implored me to stay. I was in no mood for frolic, for I had been fatigued and had been kept from rest an hour before. Long after I had retired to my room I heard Giggy alternately singing snatches of old songs, and expounding the principles of constitutional law. The burst of laughter which rang through the house at short intervals told that the company were drinking "red and fusty." In one of the pauses I fell asleep, and the last sounds from the company below indicated an attempt at a hornpipe on the part of Brand—unmercifully victim. I was roused an hour after by the party's breaking up, and heard the attorney as he shouldered Giggy good night, who I gathered was to take up his quarters next to the troopers. His worship was vainly endeavoring to sing "The dusky night" as he shambled down the passage. At breakfast, the accompanying feat of the place was restored, and I again fell asleep. I was roused by what I took to be the sound of a musketry fire and the clanging fall of a shiver; but I awoke fully only to find the house profoundly still and dismissing the.

After this memorable entertainment I had slept an hour, perhaps, when I was startled by what sounded like a desperate struggle. The sound came from the direction in which my servant was lodged, and I hardly realized this when, leap above the din, I heard the voice of Giggy shouting "Murder!" Yes! The man of the blunderbuss, which he waved fairly about his hair stand on end, and I felt no disposition to laugh as I heard him dash down the stairs, in a succession of wild leaps, still crying "Murder!" in his extremity, I sprang from my bed in a cold sweat, and felt for my sword: it was gone. I next searched for my pistols, but they had also been removed. At once the horrible idea flashed across my mind that the negroes had risen, and that the struggle had begun in the attempt to take the murder by small command. You cannot imagine, my young friend, how keen my agony of self-reproach was at a sense of my neglect in not giving the Colonel's hint the heed I should have. I rushed along the passage intent upon this one end, the clamor growing louder and more terrible, evidently from, in other and more remote parts of the old and rambling tavern.

By this time the uproar had become terrific. It proceeded from the direction of my troopers were quartered, as I had conjectured. I rushed along with feelings I cannot describe. And as I approached the quarters, a terrible odor arose in the direction of the landlord's chamber, high in the midst of which I recognized old Giggy's tones, as he still cried for murder. "Fire! Fire was had hung in the street—a signal gun had been fired by one of the civil guard. I ran the flight and heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs just as I burst in the door where my men were quartered. In the fire-place the tallow candles were burning with a dim and uncertain light, by which I saw in the middle of the large room a dozen men engaged in a desperate, pugilistic battle. The floor was strewn with bed-clothes, and the combatants looked, in the dim light, as they reeled, and grappled, and rose, and fell, more like demons than human beings. The strangeness of the spectacle arrested me—transfixed me, I might say—on the threshold of the room. Fortunately, I had drunk nothing during the evening, and so possessed all my faculties unimpaired. As I stood thus, a man near me went down, and in the twinkling of an eye a dozen combatants were down, all armed in some fashion, and the majority of them bearing candles. As the light grew stronger it revealed the most irresistibly comic group my eyes have ever rested on. There were Mark's negroes, two of them, in the midst of the wrecked furniture, with their faces as black as chimney-sweeps, and their arms and legs looking doubly white by the contrast. It was hard to keep them apart, even then, and angry denunciations and fierce oaths were not an uninteresting variety, clatter, was hardly smothered by such a roar of laughter as a man doesn't often hear in the longest lifetime. Pell after pell was the battle ters, and as the company increased in numbers the uproar rose. It was plain that they had been made the victims of a practical joke—joke all the harder to bear, inasmuch as its victims were undergoing, by this time, the scrubing of half the village population.

At last, when I had sufficiently recovered my voice to speak, I addressed myself to Conyers.

"Ben," said I, "Ben Conyers, how in the name of heaven did this happen?"

"Middle me not for my complicating," said a sable gentleman opposite, whom I recognized as an admirer of Shakespeare—but only by his quotation, I assure you.

"How did it happen? I don't know, further than this, that I was as thirsty as a volcano!—

Here the admirer of Shakespeare, who had thrown a sheet around his shoulders, broke in, "Ah Bob! that was because you swallowed so much of the *crater* last night."

"Don't be a fool, Willett," was the brief response.

Conyers, after this polite injunction, continued: "I got up, being thirsty, and had hardly put down the pitcher when a nigger, so I supposed, dropped me on the shoulder,

and asked what the devil I meant by drinking out of his pitcher? I knocked him down, and the next thing I knew there was a general row."

Trevillian here broke into a short, fierce explanation: "I see it all! That scoundrel Brand!—

"No," interrupted Bellfield, "not Brand; you mean brandy, that's what got us in this scrape, I fancy."

"Hold your tongue, William."

"I have no hasty holding my jaw, which Phillips has broken, I believe, but that ought to satisfy you," replied the irascible representative of Bacchus. After which Trevillian hurried on—

"That scoundrel Brand, gentlemen, you hear what I call him. Yes, I repeat, no man shall stop me, he begins—I say it again, that scoundrel Brand got us all drunk to frighten an old Guinea, and then hissed our faces, so that every man mistook his neighbor for a negro. But he shall answer for this."

Saying which, he flew out of the room in a state of feeling and costume which would have entitled him to a prominent position in an Indian war-dance. By Jove! I believe he have sculped Brand with infinite pleasure. "Stop him!" I shouted; "stop him! or there'll be more mischief." And away went Trevillian, followed by the whole company, towards the room occupied by Brand. Fortunately, and to my great relief, he was not there; for Trevillian was in a towering passion, and the scene was calculated to increase his rage. There were two bedsteads in the room, on the huge posts of which hung eight dragoon helmets, while two others ornamented the tongs and shovel. In the wide chimney were our sabers and pistols, while the hand basin, artistically placed in front of the grate, showed the remains of an ingenious pigment of soot and water, which had been used in the form of our warlike trappers. Trevillian raved like a madman, and it was with difficulty I could restrain him from falling, sabre in hand, on the laughing crowd who had followed us from the scene of combat to Brand's room. In the midst of his fierce denunciations some one exclaimed, "Hilla! here is something written on the glass—let's see what it is?" At this announcement all ran eagerly forward, and there, scrawled upon his mirror with the end of a tallow candle, we read these words:

"*Out of town for a week.*"

[To be continued in our next.]

Written for the Illustrated *News*.

SKETCHES IN GREECE.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.

VI.

THE TEMPLE OF MINERVA, AT SUNIUM.

What spells arise to freshen the rapt soul!—
What visions, sacred up by antique dreams,
Inspire the Muse to holiest affect,
At news of song and worship—homage most fond
To the grey Guardians of the holiest realm,
That holds all mortal guardians—for the spoils
Wrought from the wealth wan gained from the power
Possessed of the earth of Time.

Long have we drunk
Of the sweet waters from these ancient rocks,
Now near their sources,—drunk of nectarous,
Taught by unbelieving voices from these heights,
That now no more find echoes for the Past,
Yet live for all the Future.

What a spell,—
If there be ought in place to make it sacred—
Should warm us now with voices like the Past,
And make a soul of fire inform the clay,
Ere wisom an temper the Promethean coals
In holy theft from Heaven!

We may not bread
In the great temple of old ages gone,
Nor catch the sacred spirit of the Sire,
Who watched its fires; and, from its mystic caves,
Caught the wild music in its oracles,
And shaped it in the Lyre.

There should be still
A lingering spirit in these crumbling halls,
To prompt and fill our souls,—to yield us power
Like those they wielded men, when, at their shrines,
From all the nations of Greece came worshippers,
Fond in their faith, with valued sacrifices;
Simple, confiding, yet well assured of Truth,
No less than low, in such secular speech,
That bade them go in peace, or march to triumph!
The spirit does not, though the worshipping rare
Melts from the landscape. Can the Genius fly
The realm it rendered glorious? Has it lurked,
Moulded in sorrowful silence, that no more
Its spells command an audience?

How we doubt
Of our own reason! Have we traveled hither?
Are these things real, or vision? Do we now
Grasp, with natural hands, the mighty shrines
We've dreamed of,—glide through ancient colonnades,
That, though all years ago, echoed the steps
Of Pericles and Plato? Are we now
In Greece, the wonderful mistress of all arts,
And shaping all to purposes of beauty,
No less than Liberty?

One month ago,
And we were ranging through a Western world,
Where the brave man, in physical strength assured,
Mocks at the old tradition—mocks at the tales
Save that which prompts the powers to strokes
That bow down forests—Cyclopean shafts,
That never yet knew Gods or Art,
Or fear'd her axe, or rivalry,—and now!—

* * * * *

We're at the Sunium Cape! Below us spread
The sea: above us hangs the grand, grey cliffs,
The eternal rocks! ark, over all, the sky
Of Greece, as fair and soft as lady!
With a bright, rising moon, that, through the rocks,
Pours a long flood of liquid light along
The rippling waves. No lovelier moon than this
E'er lighted Rome, on his midnight ranges
To Juliet's balcony, or held the light
When Jessica stole off from Shylock's den,
Forswearing mammon at the shrine of love!
Far down for such a steep above the sea,—
Behold, where stood, in her giant state,
Minerva's shrine, abandoned to the storm,
Makes holy still the massive walls of the deep!
It looks on both with eye of vacancy,—
Without a voice to answer to human
The song of winds and waters,—mightiest notes
Poured through gigantic tubes of great rocks,
And harvests of wave, that, in the sea, the sires—
The Gods!—who once so joy'd to hear,
When all the sea was offering with its groves
That came to do her homage: while the hills
Behold their grand procession, lofty in bright
Responding, with the voice of one great heart,
Pouring, with thousand throats, a strain of praise
From proud and happy mighty!

Silent now
The worshipper—and the Goddess alone too!
Wisdom's dumb oracle! that with no speech
Can warn the presumptuous actions of the Fate
That stocks the Deities' grandeur, outside the Arts
That sway'd her Empire!

Yet, we approach
Eloquent thus in silence,—to the core
That lean on thought; and in the solitude
Seek counsel for the populous realms that still
Struggle on, through strifes and battles, to gain Rome,
Which sitters remain for ever, that ever
Were sycurgin realms at power!

Yet with what grand, compelling majesty,
Lesson from what the Sages of ere this sea,
That hallow'd week! The pale moon honors it
Nightly, with fond and tributary glance;
And, with the sun by day, lightly, gives
Pours on it floods of gold, that make it smile
Through all its roofs of Time!

Even as we gaze,
The imagination, over eager to depute
Time's province with the spirit of mortal skill,
Flings o'er our eyes his spells, and from the cloud
Evokes the Presence! *Following* Spring
The mobile Fancy, with her pellet and brush,
Touches the ruined pillars with purpling hues,
And o'er the mouldering columns flings her flowers;—
While the superior architect rears up
The mighty dome; and, all at once, restores
The populous realm to light, as well as thought!
The work of restoration still for Thought
Goes on,—the new creation from the old;
And, with the aid of her great coadjutors,
The subtle Fancy, grand imagination,
The realm repeople with a time that shows
A worthy of their skills! We hear a sound,
Faint and mysterious, swelling from the roofs,
That speaks of days within—of days shall come
And lo! each gaping crevice, whence the snakes
Rise from a secret nest.

Hark! a strain
From mighty instruments of antique mould,
That chaunt the language of an olden time,
When there were giants: in a choral burst
Worthy all ages! Wherefore should it die?

It lives! they live! the masters of the spell,
And all their elastic heroes. See, they come
Across the sea, in fleets of painted ships,
That purple—dot the billows. See the boats
That, in precision solemn, climb the peaks
Of the grey mountains. In the rock itself
Springs up into the sky! Lift your eyes
To where its shrines grow glorious! Mark the crowds,
The populous Greece, with all its demigods,
Assembling to the altar,—the High Priest
Ready, with bared and sacred instrument;
And, at his feet, with beck, begirt with flowers,
The patient lamb awaiting sacrifice!

W. G. S.

Woodlands, S. C.

AMBITION.

There is no principle so universal as ambition; we see it pervading every part of society, and manifesting its presence in every sphere of action; and there is also no principle so constantly at war with the peace and happiness of mankind. Without its stimulating influence society would be a stagnant level; enterprise would cease to exist, and the palsy of inactivity would chill every pulsation of life. It is the ambition of Aviarice that causes the miner to hoard up his piles of yellow dross; and it is the ambition of Beneveolence that urges the philanthropist among the suffering and unfortunate, to succor blessings and charities among them. It is the ambition of Christianity that sends the missionary to snowy mills, and to rear forests of masts in the crowded seaport; and it is the ambition of Agriculture to change the uncultivated wastes of the prairie, and make hill and vale shine with welcome harvests. It is ambition that procurates the ice-bound regions of the poles, or searches the mysterious labyrinths of tropic Africa. In fact, ambition works in every movement of the busy world. The rigid moralist will endeavor to prevent ambition as a dark, wayward passion, the workings and ends of which are evil, and the existence of which is a mystery, but how false the doctrine! How short-sighted the view of one of the greatest principles of the mind of man! True, that principle may be perverted, and, from a noble and exalted, triumphing upon all ties, its misguided votary may become a fire-brand among mankind, slay by violence, wrong and outrage, snatch a blood-dyed laurel from the valley of Fame. But it is passion shall because it is sometimes perverted? Certainly not; and the desire of man to excel is by no means to be condemned; man was never made to be confined to one narrow, contracted sphere, and her all his energies to one monotonous routine, but he was created a progressive being, to move on in the march of improvement, and to answer with his deeds the emulations of his mind.

We know that ambition has hovered over the standard of war, and that brand, deep rivers of blood have flowed round its crimson altar; and we know that the hard cries of cruelty and oppression have blared within its temple. But this is the ambition of dark, perverted minds, and of iron hearted despotism that has curses and have cursed mankind—On the other hand, we see the ambition of Liberty breaking the fetters of a nation. We see the ambition of the Patriot to sacrifice all for country. We see the ambition of Religion, rearing its spire in every city and planting its standard among the relics of superstition, in the jungles of India, on the burning sands of Africa, and in the blessing consellation of the World. We see the ambition of Literature and Art twining with laurel the history of nations. We see the ambition of Genius building lasting monuments of fame. We see all this and recognize in ambition a great element in enterprise and progression, and how to it as a principle, grand, potent and essential. E. G. S.

TO THE READER.

Reader, while you are sitting to-night by that cheerful fire of your own, with your mind at ease and your hearts warm with content—while you sit there apparently indifferent and half-awake, and seemingly dreaming those dreams which are apt to fit before one, in just such a position and condition as you are now—I say, while with your heart content and your feet warm you dose away this evening before the pleasant fire of your own home, do you ever think of those around you who are shinking and freezing with coldness? Do you give a thought to those whose hearts are being pierced with the keen edge and blade of poverty? Ah! my dear friend, if you be a man within whose breast heaves a noble heart, a heart generous and benevolent, if you be a man believing in a God, and in the holy particles of religion, why do you sit there dozing away the time just as if there was no misery, no blighted hopes around you?

Perhaps you will find within a half-mile of your dwelling, place where starvation is cramping life—where want is deadening every energy—where sickness, pain and anguish are shortening the beating of many a heart—where Death is shaking his chains and extinguishing his arrows—where Lunacy is locking up the intellect in his dungeon, and where Suicide, with his own trembling hand, rolls back the curtain which obscures eternity, and leads into this world of darkness and of light the willing and earth weary soul.

Remember with charity those who are suffering.

"BY AND BY."

There's music enough in these three words for the burden of a song. There is here a wide wrapped up in them, an articulate beat of the human heart.

By and by!

We heard it as long ago as we can remember, when we made brief but perilous journeys from chair to table, and from table to chair again.

We heard it the other day, when two parted that had been "loving in their lives," one to California, and the other to her long home.

Everybody says it—some time or other. The little boy whispers it when he dreams of exchanging the little stubbed boots like a man.

The man murmurs it—when in life's middle watch, he sees his place half-filled, and his hopes, yet in the mud, wriking in the cold lake spring.

The old man says it—when he thinks of putting off the mortal for the immortal, ready for to-morrow.

The weary watch for the morning wishes away the dark with "by and by."

Sometimes it sounds like a song; sometimes there is a sigh or sob in it. What wouldn't the world give to put it in abuance—set down somewhere, no matter if in the dead of December—to know that it would surely come.

THE VEILED PICTURE.—A story is told of two artist lovers, both of whom sought the hand of a noted painter's daughter. And the question, which of the two should possess himself of the lady, was earnestly contested by both, having gone finally to the father, he promised to give his child to the one that could paint the best. So each strove for the maiden, with the highest skill his genius could command.—One painted a picture of fruit, and displayed it to the father's inspection in a shaded grove, where you could see twenty among the foliage, and all Nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bountiful life. Presently the lady came down to the envius of the young painter, and attempted to get the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy at the young artist's skill, the father declared that no one could triumph over that.

Now, however, the second lover came with his pictures, and it was veiled.

"Take the veil from your painting," said the old man.

The lover did so, and lifted the young curtain, with simplicity.

The father of the young and lovely maiden then approached the veiled picture, and attempted to uncover it. But imagine his astonishment when, as he attempted to take off the veil, he found the veil itself to be a picture! We need not say who was the lucky lover; for if the artist who deceived the birds by skill, in painting fruit manifested great powers of art, he who could so well fool the eyes with the pencil as to deceive a skillful master, was surely the greatest artist.

WOMAN.—It is seldom that Julius Cæsar Hannibal says anything worth quoting, but the following is good:

"Day may rail against women as much as they like, they can't get on without them. I had always to pay life found dress fast in hab, fast in a quarrel, fast in debt, fast in do kee ess school, and fast, fast, fast, and fast in de sick room.

"What would we poor dobbits do without dem? Let us be born as little, as ugly, and as helpless as we please, and a woman's arms are open to receive us. She is at who gobs us our first dose of castor oil, and puts close upon our helpless naked limbs and cobbers up our foots and toes in long flannel petticoats; and it am she who, as we grows up, fills our dinner-basket with dainties and apples, as we start to skool, and kiles us when we tones our trousers.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following articles are *accepted:* "The Advantages of Fiction"......"A Second Edition to Love's Young Dream"......"A Leaf from the Portfolio of Louise"......"Autumn"......A number of Enigmas have been received, and will find a place in due time......"Sketch of Charlottesville"—will appear shortly......"The Fair Play Club"......"My Seat of Stone"......An article from "S. H."......"The Dying Soldier"......"Maryland, Oh Maryland"......"Alone."

"Sandy Higgins"—your first article was published some weeks ago. Let us hear from you again.

WM. B. CAMPBELL, Savannah, Ga.—We have telegraphed you twice. Did you get either?—Come on immediately.

We want no poetry cut from other papers.—Do not send any more.

To "W."—We can supply no more orders for No. 2 of our paper. Copies of all other numbers can be had at our office.

The following articles are respectfully *declined:* "A Home Beside the Sea"......"I Love Her"......"Impromptu Lines to C."......"Camp Reveries" are rather too melancholy—the picture is too black......"The Song of the War Fiend" is rejected, for obvious reasons. Birds do not go in *herds* nor do worms *tear*. The verses could be polished up and made very good, but we have not the time to revise the communications of our correspondents, and we trust, in future, none will ask it. When a correspondent asks us to *revise* his manuscript, we invariably throw it in the scrap basket.. ..."Lines to Miss ———"......"Southern Marseillaise"......"Lines to a Friend in North Carolina"—not suited......"The Battle of Sharpsburg"—too late.

☞ *We will* NOT *undertake to return rejected manuscripts.*

Written for the Illustrated News.

MRS. POYNTER'S REFLECTIONS.

NO. I.

Mrs. Poynter sat at her pleasant window on ——— street, in the goodly city of Richmond. She was busily engaged in knitting a pair of yarn socks, intended for some poor soldier; but from this employment she would occasionally desist, and gaze reflectively over her gold-rimmed spectacles at the public proceedings on the street without.

For nearly fifteen minutes the knitting had lain idly on her lap, while the old lady, leaning forward, gazed with more than her usual interest upon something without. It was curious to observe the changing expression of her countenance as she thus sat. One moment it was softened into the most compassionate kind-heartedness, and the next, her eyes would light up with a rising indignation, quickly dimmed by a growing moisture. At length she removed her glasses, and carefully wiped them upon a white cambric handkerchief, which was then applied to the corners of her eyes.

"Poor creatures!" said Mrs. Poynter, as she deposited the handkerchief in a little basket by her side; "Poor creatures! just from Fort Delaware—taken in a battle, in Maryland; and now, after marching, and fighting, and being imprisoned and ill-treated, no doubt, just got back to Richmond. Look at them! What a sight they are! No wonder those vile Yankee papers ridicule the appearance of our poor soldiers as they are marched prisoners through their streets, calling them ragamuffins and scare-crows. They do look like it, there's no denying—the more credit to them for bearing with it, and the more shame to us who permit it; as if we could not afford to have them more decently clothed. Georgians, and Alabamians, and Louisianians! To think of their having left home; and home comforts, and kindred, and come this long weary way, in order to fight for their country and people! To think of their having marched hundreds of miles, through winter snows and summer heat—ill-clad, ill-fed—often sick and suffering—and then fighting bravely, battle after battle—and being taken prisoners and insulted and abused, and suffering what we who stay at home can never even imagine—and all for their country—all for *us!* And now they've come back to the city and the people they have been defending—worn, and weary, and sick, and half-starved. What is their welcome? Don't we go out to meet them and open our houses to them, or at least have comfortable quarters in readiness for them; with plenty of good, wholesome food and comfortable clothing? Don't we greet them kindly, and try to cheer them and to let them know that we appreciate their services and sympathize with their sufferings?"

The old lady's eyes again flashed, and she took up her knitting and worked away for some time in a very rapid and excited manner—but soon again relaxed.

Look at them! There they are, sitting on the bare ground in the hot sun, after walking from the river landing—fifteen miles. Some sitting bare-foot on the curb-stone and some lying on the naked pavement, with a rag of an old quilt beneath their heads—asleep, poor creatures! Some with hollow eyes and white lips, too sick and weary to fill their canteens at the pump. Two or three eating—dry bread; and one who has purchased a poor dinner, dividing it with that sickly-looking boy. And there go the citizens, the people that won't fight—sleek, well-clothed and well-fed, looking down upon the poor, tired, hungry creatures with cool indifference. Some stop and question them curiously—others speak more kindly, but no one helps them—no one offers to take one of them home and give him a meal or a decent hat, or even an old pair of shoes, which would be better than none to feet sore with marching.—Shame on them! The ladies would do something: see with what a sympathizing interest they regard the poor brave fellows—but they fear it would 'look strange' for them to stop on the street to address a kindly word to sick and hungry soldiers. 'Pshaw! I've no patience with such nonsense!

I know what *I'll* do! Biddy! go round directly to the butcher's stall at the market, and tell him to give you a good piece of beef. Get potatoes, and beans, and green corn, and tomatoes, and make as much good thick soup as you can. It's for the poor soldiers you see out on the street there. We'll feed as many of them as we can. I wish I could get Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Taylor to join with me, so that all might get a dinner. But Mrs. Smith says she can't afford more than to feed her own family in times such as these—forgetting that but for these very men, perhaps, she would now be turned out of her comfortable home by the Yankees. And Mrs. Taylor says, "People would think strange of such a proceeding; it is not the custom." She's afraid to do anything of which others do not set the example. Pshaw! But, please God, I'll do what I can for the comfort of our brave and suffering soldiers, and trust to Him the wrong or right of it.

THE DRAMA.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts!"

A new and handsome edifice, to be dedicated to "Thespis" in the course of six or eight weeks, has sprung up on the ruins of the old "Marshall." The building is rapidly approaching completion, and will possess many advantages over the old one. If, when finished, the theatre is placed in the hands of some competent "old stager" for management, the way-worn soldier may here pass many a pleasant moment during the long winter evenings of the "melancholy season"—he may here, for the nonce, have his thoughts diverted from scenes of carnage and strife—"grim-visaged war" will, for the while, "smooth his wrinkled front," and the soldier, the citizen and the muses sit together under the same "vine and fig-tree."

The three halls in this city are filled nightly, with indiscriminate and heterogeneous audiences, no matter what the bill or how the player enacts his part.

In the Southern theatricals everything remains in *statu quo*.

Manager Crisp is doing a thriving business at Mobile. We learn that the talented juvenile actress, Miss IDA VERNON, from this city, has been engaged for a few weeks, and will make her first appearance in that city early in November. We commend this rising young actress to the *critiques* of the Mobile press.

Lee Mallory's War Illustrations are on exhibition at Charleston.

Blind Tom, the pianist, is at Atlanta, Ga., giving concerts.

The Queen Sisters are playing to good houses in Atlanta, Ga.

In New York city, Ned Forrest and Ned Booth are both playing "Richelieu," at different theatres. The "Herald" awards the palm to Booth, while the "Mercury" gives it to Forrest.

We have but little change to notice in the *dramatis personæ* of the Yankee companies.—Maggie Mitchell has returned to Baltimore, after catering to the tastes of the Washingtonians for several weeks.

Miss Weston is playing a new piece in Baltimore, written by C. W. Tayleure, Esq., entitled "East Lynne, or the Elopement." The piece is highly spoken of by the Baltimore press.

In speaking of the production of this piece in Baltimore, the "Clipper" says:

"To illustrate the sympathetic character of the play, we may mention that during its performance on Monday night, at a crisis of the play when few eyes in the entire house were unmoistened with tears, several ladies in the dress circle fainted through emotion, and one of the number interrupted the performance with the violence of her sobs."

J. B. Studley is in Cincinnati.

The "Gladiator" was performed at Niblo's last Wednesday evening, with the following caste:

Edwin Forrest as	Spartacus.
Pharsarius, brother to Spartacus,	Mr. J. McCullough.
Crassus, the Roman Prætor,	Mr. H. R. Shewell.
Julia, niece of Crassus,	Mrs. J. H. Allen.
Senona, wife of Spartacus,	Madame Ponisi.

A Yankee correspondent of the New York "Clipper," one of the dirtiest papers published in Gotham, in speaking of James E. Murdoch and his loyalty to King Abraham, says:

"He came into the city (Cincinnati), gun on shoulder, from his beautiful country residence, joined a company, and reported himself at Law. Wallace's headquarters, with this laconic speech: 'I saw in the papers that you would take all the able-bodied men with their guns, and here I am.'" "Use every man after his deserts," and Jas. E. Murdoch will be killed with the ball from the musket of some patriotic son of the South.

Gen. Tom Thumb, whose age or size has never increased since his first introduction in this country by that Prince of Humbugs, Phineas Barnum, is now on exhibition in Baltimore.—We think this *venerable little* General has near about "played out."

Eddy, the blood and thunder or *cast-iron* actor, is playing in Baltimore.

J. E. Owens, the comedian, has been drafted as a "conscript" in Baltimore. Wonder if that "will pay!"

J. H. Taylor has gone to Europe.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Sense is a diamond, weighty, solid, sound;
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still!"

AN Irish preacher, considerably annoyed (as many before and since have been) by persons getting up and going out of church during the service—his patience being exhausted, he stopped his discourse, and in a rowdy way exclaimed: "Go on, my lad, I've seen the top of your head, that's enough." The fellow turned round, and with an angry, menacing look, muttered: "I'll see you again, sir." "You had better see me now," replied the preacher, "for when I'm in the pulpit I fight for Lord Jesus, but when I'm out of it I fight for myself."

A Roman, being about to repudiate his wife, among a variety of other questions, was asked by her enraged kinsman: "Is not your wife a sensible woman? Is she not handsome?" In answer to which, slipping off his shoe, he held it up, asking them: "Is not this shoe a very handsome one? Is it not quite new? Is it not extremely well made? How, then, is it that none of you can tell me where it pinches?"

AN exchange paper publishes the subjoined paragraph: "Arry, 'op hup and go down to Mr. 'Arris's and hask 'im hif 'o 'as a bit hof hasb or hoak to make a 'ammer 'andle." We can remember something about as good, and quite true.—An English actor was playing Pierre, in "William Tell." Pierre has the following speech: "Horrible! Most horrible! To save his own and Albert's life, Tell has consented to shoot an apple off his own son's head." The actor knocked about the h's thus: "'Orrible! Most 'orrible! To save 'is hown hand Halbert's life, Tell 'as consented to shoot han happle hoff 'is hown son's 'ead."

Some editor says that the destiny of the world very often hangs on the smallest trifles. A little miff between Charles Bonaparte and his love Letitia might have broken off a marriage which gave birth to Napoleon and the battle of Waterloo. To which the *Advertiser* says:

"Yes, that is the fact. Suppose a "little miff" had taken place between Adam and Eve! What then?"

At Manassas it was Bull Run. At Richmond, Ky., it was run *Bull*, else *curb a Smith*. (Kirby Smith.)

WANTED.—The Proprietors of the "NEWS" wish to rent a good Office on Main street, near the Custom House. Apply to the undersigned, corner of Cary and Virginia streets. AYRES & WADE.

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